Let us go there to that land of the
final, and stand before death with
all our questions, where the changing
mist of doubts will vanish at a breath,
and the mountain peaks of eternal
truth will appear, and we two fools
will look at each other and laugh.—
Dear friend, bring before death that
which you deem your best and im-
mortal.

Supriya

Friend, let it be as you wish.

Kemankar

Then come to my heart. You had
wandered far from your comrade, in
the infinite distance,—now, dear friend,
come eternally close to me, and accept
from one, who loves you, the gift of
death. *(Strikes* SUPRIYA *with his
chains, and* SUPBJYA *falls.)*